A

LETTER

FROM A

PRIMATE

TO A

PRETENDER

FOUND BY A

Patriot Stander-by.

To which is added,

The Oracle of Dagon.

And a LETTER from Dean SWIFT to *George F—k—r.*

ISLE OF MAN.

Printed in *Poultry-Yard*, by *Benjamin Free*, for the *Gaff-Maker.*

99 759

A

LETTER

FROM A

PRIMATE

TO A

PRETENDER

A Letter from a Primate to a Pretender.

—— If, ye Pow'rs divine!
Ye mark the Movements of this nether World
And bring them to Account, cruſh cruſh theſe Vipers
Who ſingled out by a Community
To guard their Rights, ſhall for a graſp of Ore
Or paltry Office ſell them to the Foe. MAHOMET.

WHEN the Fox preys on the Poultry, is not every Perſon, Horſe and Foot, Dog and Man engaged to hunt him down? to him, to him, to him, becomes then the general Cry, and the Horn invites the Sportſman and the Hound to purſue the common Foe.

But if this common Foe has the uncommon Confidence to ſtand at Bay with Horſe, Foot, Man and Dog, what muſt he deſerve? that we have a Fox among the Poultry is evident from the Cackling of them all, of conſequence

To bear him with *Impunity* among us,
Is Treaſon againſt ourſelves.

If this *Fox* has the Ear of the Lyon, and miſrepreſents the Senſe of the Poultry, and with uncommon Effrontery abuſes the *Lyon*'s Credulity, what does ſo unwarranted a Proceeding call for? I am not uninformed that this Manner of Writing, by Fable has been made uſe of by his Eminence the SPY, nor am I aſhamed to own, that I make my preſent Alluſions from ſo *bold* and ſo *free* a Writer.

When the Liberty of the Preſs is invaded, and the Poſt-Office by Authority inveſted with a tyrannical Power to ſtop the Chanel of Intelligence between Man and Man, I think it becomes every loyal Subject, who wiſhes well to his Majeſty, to oppoſe ſuch pernicious Schemes ſet on foot by the Enemies of the Country, and executed by the worſt of Creatures *the corrupt Minority* of the Kingdom.

Is not the Preſs, the Inmate, moſt intimate and native Charter of our Liberty, our Laws, our Religion which are by the Preſs immediately made known to us as it were by a ſecond Revelation. The Theatre which is another Branch of Communication, has alſo been oppreſſed by an influenced and inſolent Manager, who to throw an Odium on the Lovers of Freedom or the Country-party, (as they are truly ſtiled) firſt ſet on foot a ſpirited Play, a Speech of which being highly pleaſing to the Audience, he, to oppoſe them, and to raiſe their Reſentment, deſignedly gave out the Play, yet wou'd not permit it to go on in the uſual theatrical Manner, but abſolutely refuſed even to make them an Apology for his Rudeneſs, or to appear in Vindication of his Behaviour.

An Audience, the Majority of which were actually concerned in raiſing him from the loweſt Extreme of Penury and Want to Luxury and Affluence.

Such Ingratitude met it's due Reward afterwards, and they had ſerved him right if they had given him the Diſcipline of the Horſe-whip. This was a Scheme courtly contrived to throw the Odium on the Patriots who before had ſuffered in their Fortunes by incurring his Majeſty's Diſpleaſure from the Miſrepreſentations of one in Power, tho' theſe very Gentlemen were neither preſent at the Diſturbance, nor otherwiſe concerned about it.

This reſembled the Contrivance ſet on foot by the *Court*-party when ſome of their Inſtruments ſtopped the Mail, and robbed it, in order to have an Occaſion to make it be believed in *England* that this Fact was perpetrated by the *Country*-party, who had they been concerned, wou'd have better executed, what the

the others wou'd perſuade us, was the Motive of their Deſign.

But it was ſo wretchedly acted, that every one gueſs'd at the Performers of ſo drole a Farce.

Then unprecedented Words were contrived to be inſerted in our Acts, that a Diſſent may enſue, for the Contrivers very well knew that we wou'd never tamely conſent to our own Ruin.

Then enſued the diſgracing of the Members, if we may ſo term the turning them out of their Places for voting according to their Conſciences, and all this to gratify the Luſt of Power in a deſigning Miniſter.

What then enſued? The immediate Senſe of the Nation diſplayed itſelf from all Quarters of the Kingdom, the Conſtituents and free independent, uninfluenced voted their Thanks to the Repreſentatives, expreſſing the utmoſt Abhorrence of the Meaſures purſued and abetted by the *Miſ*-repreſentatives.

What was the Senſe of the Nation, appeared publickly in Print in Addreſſes from the reſpective Counties and Boroughs of the Kingdom, who (after expreſſing *the utmoſt Loyalty to his Majeſty and their unſhaken Steadineſs to ſupport his Crown, Dignity and Succeſſion*, aſſerted the Pleaſure and Satisfaction which they received from the Behaviour of their Repreſentatives, and their Indignation at being miſrepreſented by the influenced Electors whom they had conſtituted for other and more laudable Purpoſes. They declared, that ſhou'd a general Election at any time happen, they wou'd never again give their Votes to the Enemies of their Country, and were heartily ſorry for being deceived in the Choice of them, proteſting their Averſion to ſuch and Practices. 'Tis not the firſt Time the royal Ear has been impoſed on, and tho' 'tis a Maxim in State, that *the King can do no Wrong*, yet we are well aſſured of this, that his Miniſters *may*, *can*, and *do*.

If this is not the Senſe of the Nation, and the literal Conſtruction of their Sentiments, then has Loyalty no Meaning, Affirmation no Truth, and Profeſſions no Sincerity.

That

That they deteſt wicked Miniſters, corrupt Doings, and Anti-conſtitutional Proceedings, who can be ſurprized at? That they have the moſt grateful Sentiments for his Majeſty is equally the Senſe of the whole Nation, and can it be wondered at, thatthey affirm the latter and proteſt againſt the former, with equal Zeal and Intrepidity.

Some venal Scriblers, and venal Printers wou'd huſh our Fears, and quiet our Apprehenſions by Sophiſtry and Deluſion, as if we were to be juggled out of our Liberties by Slight of Hand Tricks.

While the national Conſtitution is racked and tormented, theſe Quacks of State aſſure us that there is no Cauſe for complaining, tho' the Sword is in the Wound, they recommend the Cauſtic and Amputation by the Knife, and at the ſame Inſtant tell us, they will neither burn nor cut.—Why this is no better than laughing in our Faces, and actually humming us to our Eyes—'tis playing over the overmannerly Robber, and ſaying "Sir I ſcorn to rob "any Man, but if you pleaſe to part with that Dia- "mond Ring, I ſhall be obliged to you, if not I muſt "make you a Preſent of the Contents of this little "Inſtrument, which may perhaps quiet your Fears "and Apprehenſions."

This is the Language of Dr. *B——t* and *G——gy H——d*, and if they were to rob on the High-way they wou'd moſt certainly addreſs you in the following fantaſtic Stile:—"Sir, I beg Pardon for thus im- "peding the Progreſs of your Journey, for two or "three Moments, but my Buſineſs is not long, I "really have forgot my Watch at home, and have "a preſent Occaſion for yours, be ſo kind as not "to delay me, or put me to the Neceſſity of drawing "this little Pop, for I proteſt I have no Malice or "Hatred to your Perſon, but thoſe Guineas have ſo "inviting a Look that I ſhall not be able to ſleep "without them, I ſhou'd dream of them all Night; "I intreate you good Sir, to ſpare me the Loan of "them, and I ſhall be your moſt grateful and af- "fectionate humble Servant.

Or

Or to a Lady thus; "Madam my Wife ſends "you her Compliments, and begs the Favour of "you to lend her your Diamond Solitaire, for ſhe "is obliged to go to the Caſtle, and has unfortu- "nately either loſt or miſlayed her own; ſhe de- "ſires you not to be uneaſy about it, for that ſhe "has a moſt tender Regard for——that fine Shade "and theſe charming *Mecklin* Ruffles, and that "fine *Bruſſels* Head, that tempting *Dreſden* Border, "and by the ſame Token that ſhe has ſent me, "ſhe deſires you to look at the Work of this fine "Piſtol, how beautiful the Inlaying—I aſſure you, "'tis Silver Mounting, done in *London*, &c. &c. &c.

And who can be angry at ſuch polite "Addreſs, "and ſo civil a Manner of Robbing---wou'd it not "do a Man's Heart good to part with a hundred "Guineas to be ſo decently treated on the Road. "I think ſo in troth, for Flattery is a fine Thing, and if a Man muſt part with his Money, It twou'd be far more eligible to be robbed on ſuch polite Terms.

I don't think that I cou'd find in my Heart to ſwear againſt ſo genteel a Highway-man,---for wou'd it not be ſhocking to ſee a Fellow come up to me with a cock'd Piſtol, or damn'd ſwearing Face, and to hear him cry, deliver your Money, or by G— I'll blow you to Hell—*oh Lord!*—ſuch Sounds wou'd be apt to throw a fine Lady or a delicate Fribble into a fainting Fit—but in the other—*the very Sound is ſufficent for an honeſt Man.*

And now, as *Richard* the Third ſays, *to on the Affairs of State.*

The *Court* party charges all the Loſſes in Trade, the Stagnation of Buſineſs, and the Deadneſs of the Times to the *Country-party*. Indeed it is very true, the *Country-party* have fought the Ground Inch by Inch--but who begun the Fray; Is not ſelf Preſervation laudable, Self-defence Natural.

If my wife is attacked in a rude Manner, and I on aſſailing the Ruffian, receive a Wound, ſhall I be cenſured for defending the Spouſe of my Boſom?

I hope

I hope not;—Such to me is my Country, and such is the Caſe between the Invaders and Lovers of Ireland!

Was it wrong or right in the *Country* party to bring to Account a waſter of the public Money, who had actually Engaged with the public, to perform ſuch Engagements, yet never performed them, tho' he had Warning and Time ſufficient given him.

If it was right to bring ſuch Contractor to Account, it will of conſequence appear as wrong in the other Party to Skreen and protect him from accounting with the Public—That he has not accounted for the public Money is evident, that he ought in Juſtice to account, is as evident; that it was the Right of the Public to call in their Debt, or have their Work done, is plain as the Meredian Sun; that to protect him, was as unfair and as inequitable as the others are fair and evident. This Part of the Quarrel then begun on the Court-ſide, and what abject Spirits would tamely look on and ſee their Country fleeced, and their Right of bringing Offenders before their bar, queſtioned and diſputed before their Eyes in their own Houſe.

And as to altering the Language of our Acts on the other Side the Water, who gave the firſt Blow? An influenced miniſtry, who miſrepreſented the moſt Loyal Subjects that ever ſerved a Prince.

THE

THE Oracle of DAGON.

THO' Oracles in theſe enlightened Days have been juſtly ridiculed, yet they have certainly ſpoke Truths.

The Terms in which they expreſſed themſelves in former Ages were framed in ſo ambiguous a Guiſe that the Event muſt of Neceſſity be fulfilled, as the Prophecy bore a double Face. This Line may ſtand for an Inſtance among many.

Ibis, redibis & nunquam peribis bello.

which may be conſtrued either in favour or againſt the General who enquired of the Oracle.

It has been ſuppoſed by ſome infatuated People, (now known by the Name of *old Women*) that theſe Oracles were actuated by the Devil, but that ſilly Notion may eaſily be confuted from one Argument which I ſhall here advance.

When the Prieſts of *Apollo* had ſo far deſcended into the Vale of Ignorance as to forget all Veſtiges of human Learning, they were obliged to have Refuge to meer Proſe, having forgot every Rule of Metre, ſo that the Wags of thoſe Days gave out that *Apollo* the God of Poetry had drank of the River *Lethe*, and had abdicated the Dominion of Verſe. Now it is evident that had the Oracles been actuated by the Devil, he muſt appear a very unpoetical-

cal Devil, if he was not able to make paltry Verſes in one Age as well as another.

In the Reign of *Oracles* that of *Dagon*, was as much renowned as the *Delphian* one.

In thoſe Days there was a civil Contention between the Powers of the People and the Miniſtry of *Aſkalon*.

The Miniſtry who had the Diſpoſal of Places of Truſt and Profit were accuſed by the People of engroſſings them and forming Monopolies deſtructive of their Liberties.

This was not the whole of the Cenſure, it was alſo obſerved by the more ſagacious, that the Stream of Power had been forced out of its proper and uſual Channel, and made to flow in one *foreign* to their Rights and Privileges.

That *Aliens* were ſet over to rule the Natives with a mighty Hand, and that certain Innovations had imperceptibly crept into the State, which might in Time ſap the very Conſtitution of *Aſkalon*.

This heavy Charge, teeming with Danger, was ill borne by the Governors, who as homely retorted upon the People the Charge of Faction, Sedition, Mutiny, with every other odious Term applicable to a Kingdom of *Cataline*.

This Oppoſition, like the Meeting of Flints, kindled a Spirit of Party which ran thro' the Vallies of *Aſkalon* like Wild-Fire, ſo that the Peaſants themſelves took the Alarm, as at a public and imminent Danger.

The Chief Governor, *Amalek*, it was ſaid, had let in the *Hittites*, the *Hivites* the *Perrizites* and the *Jebuſites*, with thoſe of the Foreſt of *Shittim* to eat up the Sons of *Aſkalon*, and to devour them like Locuſts.

In ſuch a Criſis did *Heber*, a Peaſant who lived in the Mountains repair to the Temple of *Dagon* to enquire how he ſhou'd demean himſelf in ſuch intereſting Times, where it became ſo hazardous to declare on either Side.—He was at this Time a Hewer of Stones, and lived in the Quarrie's where

he

he had a considerable Employment. His Question to the Oracle was, Shall I be a *Courtier* or a *Countryman?* Some say that it was an *Echo* in the Vault of the Temple, which answered, a *Courtier*, however be that Point disputed by the Learned, the Peasant replyed, That shou'd he be a *Courtier*, he might have his Brains knocked out among the Hewers, who where most of them *Countrymen.*

The Oracle to satisfy the Man, changed Notes and said, Be a *Countryman*; yes, says the Peasant, but then I shall lose my Place; to which the Oracle rejoined, Be a *Courtier.*

If I am a *Courtier* says the Peasant, my Name will be black in the Mouths of Men, and I shall be reviled as an Instrument in the Destruction of my native Country; to which the Oracle answered, Be a *Countryman.*

True said the Peasant, oh Oracle this Advice is very salutary, but then I shall be out of the Road of Preferment, for I expect to be made a *Master-Builder*---Be a *Courtier* says the Oracle; what shall I do with my Conscience says the Peasant, which twitches me severely, when I am prone to lean that Way---it flies in my Face, and it's Stings are tormenting, for it tells me, that a *Courtier* is no better than an Enemy to his Country, and equal to one of the *Hittites* or the *Hivites.* Be a *Countryman* says the Oracle, then must I not speak of the State and it's Practices, replied *Heber*, for my Lips must be sealed; if I presume to open my Mouth touching State Matters, and I assure you we Peasants have itching Tongues to speak our undisguised Sentiments, and Ears pricked up to hear, in what Manner our Rights are treated, being certain that when the Fountain is disturbed, we Rivulets shall run muddy.

Be a Courtier says the Oracle,

Why that is well counselled again said poor *Heber*, but my Wife is a deviliſh spirited Woman, and she's for the Country, I'm but a Spider to her, she'd verily tread upon me, if she knew I was a *Courtier.*

Be

Be a *Country-man*, says the Oracle.

Then shall I lose, replied the Peasant, the Pleasure of waiting on my Lord *Amalek* who promises to do for my Son, and to make him a *fine Officer*.

Be a *Courtier*, said the Oracle.

Ay, but then I must score up the Sins of Bribery, Insincerity, Hypocrisy, and a Train of blacker Crimes, and to go in Tick with Heaven, whose Vengeance may perhaps send me to Hell to pay the Account.

Be a *Country-man*.

When I write a Letter to *Pelig* my Brother, shou'd it be intercepted, I shou'd perhaps be set in the Pillory, or whipped thro' the Town, the Scandal of which (tho' unmerited) wou'd go near to break my Heart.

Be a *Courtier*,

How, says *Heber*, shall I join with the Prayers of the People in the Congregation of the Lord, when they beseech the most High to be favourable to *Askalon*, while I am contriving it's Ruin.

Be a *Country-man*,

How shall I resist, replyed *Heber*, the Temptations of my Relations, who say it is my Duty to provide for and raise my Family?

Be a *Courtier*,

If I am a Courtier, says the Peasant, I shall be the But of Scandal, and when I go to Town I shall pass thro' the Curses of the People,

Be a *Country-man*,

Then shall I be misrepresented to my Prince as a stirrer up of Faction, tho' I am as loyal a Subject as any he has, and wou'd fight up to my Ankles in Blood to serve his Cause.

Be a *Courtier*,

Sage is thy Counsel, oh most wise Oracle, but what shall I do, when I shall forfeit the good Opinion of an *Honest-Man*, which I always strove to maintain; or how shall I bear the Reviling of the Populace, when they cry--There goes *Heber* the Courtier, the *Honest-Man*, that was.

Be

Be a *Country-man*,

I was offered a round Sum of Money, even a Shekel of Silver, and my Daughter a Talent of Gold, if I brought over my Brother and voted with him for the Court.

Be a *Courtier* ſaid the Oracle.

It is the ſafeſt Way to be ſure, to ſleep in a whole Skin, and to live on a ſnug Penſion or ſo, but then I ſhall be marked as a black Sheep, whereas before, no Man could ſay to me, black was my Nail: I ſhall be entered in the Liſt of the *Amorites* who ſell their Country.

Be a *Country-man*,

Of the two, I think, 'tis the moſt elegible, ſays *Heber*, I will ſacrifice my All for my dear Country, I will riſque the Reſentment of angry Power, rather than give, what is not mine to give.

THE LIBERTY OF POSTERITY.

A LETTER FROM DEAN SWIFT TO G____E. F_____R.

Ungracious Varlet,

IF I thought you was really out of your Senſes, I wou'd have procured a Ward for you in my Hoſpital: Poſitively you are lunatic, and I wou'd recommend it to you that you wou'd leave the Printing Buſineſs and be locked up, Why, 'tis not fit that ſuch a Wretch ſhou'd walk the Streets; who the duce writes for you---ſome venal Creature ſurely, ſuch as Dr. *B--tt* or G---gy H---d the Court Scriblers. What the Devil put it into your Head to reprint *Orrery* upon me---cou'd any Motive but the laſt Frenzy have induced you to traduce the Man who made your Fortune? Admit, I was really guilty of thoſe Crimes alledged by that moſt noble Wight, that candid Friend of mine, was it your Buſineſs to aſſiſt his Libel, and print it againſt me your beſt Patron---did I not take you from Penury? Did I not ſet you up in Affluence---am I not well rewarded---Why Sir, what Man upon Earth are you more obliged to than to *Dean Swift*--I wonder for my Part, any Perſon (but a Courtier) wou'd employ you. ---Let me never breathe, if one who ſold Oranges and Lemons, ſhou'd not be aſhamed to ſee his Advertiſement in your Paper; indeed you have not deceiv'd me, for I always knew you to be an humble ſupple Caitiff, ſtill ſcraping and bowing and uſing all the low cringing Formalities---that you was honeſt,

I be-

I believed, but that ſuch black Ingratitude cou'd enter into the Breaſt of Man, I cou'd ſcarce have credited. Pray, Varlet, what was the Spirit I wrote in, was it not the Spirit of Liberty? I am now deceaſed many Years, tho' my Works will be immortal, therefore cannot in my preſent State be ſuſpected of Vanity; was I not *Ireland*'s Friend, and will you be it's Foe, did I not oppoſe every thing that tended to prejudice the Intereſt of my native Kingdom; does it not become every Individual therein to act upon the ſame Principles: What firſt gave me Fame but that very Principle, what other has eternized my Name, and ſhall my Printer to whom I gave my Works as a Fortune, turn Tail upon me after I am dead, join Iſſue with the Enemies of *Ireland*, publiſh their wicked Traſh, traduce the Sons of Freedom, and who does this, G----ge F----r Swift's Printer.---Why, Varlet, how can you anſwer all this heavy Charge. Will you pretend to ſay in your Defence that you are really perſuaded that you have acted upon right Principles, or that you are convinced that the Meaſures now purſued by the Iriſh M---ry are equitable: are you looking for a Penſion too---or is it merely for Knighthood you are ſeeking? indeed, a very pretty Knight you wou'd make, a Knight errant, pray Mr. *Quixot*, are you convinced that the miſrepreſenting the Subjects of *Ireland* to their Prince can prove ſerviceable to *Ireland*: Do you think that taking the Money out of the Kingdom it, can enrich or binding their Chains on faſter, can procure Liberty? do you believe to make a Prince angry with his People can produce Harmony between them, or that ſtanding up as I did, in Defence of their Rights is robbing them of their Privileges.---Why, Varlet, what ſhall I ſtyle you? a Puff of bad Paſte, the Author of Contradictions; if I was again on Earth, I wou'd make you ſwallow your Words---be ware---or I may viſit you to your Sorrow.

J. SWIFT.

F I N I S.

I believed, but that such black Ingratitude could re-
-ceive into the Breast of Man, I could scarce have Ve-
-duced. Pray, Madam, what was the Spirit I wrote
in, was it not the Spirit of Liberty? I am sure de-
-clared many Years, that my Works will be instruc-
-tive, therefore can not in my present State be subjected
of Vanity; yet I fear Madam's Friend, and will you
believe Pope did not oppose every Thing that tended
to prejudice the Land of my native Kingdom; does
it not become every Individual therein to act upon
the same Principles. What first gave me Fame but
their very Patronage, what other has encouraged my
Pen, and that now Power to whom I gave my
Works as a Tribute, may fall upon, neither I am
dead, Nor have with the Enemies of their Coun-
-try their wicked Ends, traduce the Name of Free-
-dom, and who does this, George Lowther Swift's
Banner. Why, Madam, how can you answer all
this heavy Charge. Will you pretend to lay in your
Defence that you are really perswaded that you have
acted upon right Principles, or that you are con-
-vinced that the Measures now pursued by the Irish
Ministry are equitable: are you looking for a Pension
now—or is it meerly for Knighthood on the Birth-
-ing? indeed, a very pretty Knight, a Knight-make,
a Knight errant, from Mr. [illegible] even one
would that the Instrument of the Subjection of Ire-
-land to their Minds can prove instrumental to Great-
-ness should attend the Measure of the
Kingdom it, can perish or blasting their Claims on
Fame, can pierce Liberty do [illegible]
make a Nation [illegible] People, can produce
Harmony between [illegible] Nations up in
-ed, in Defence of their Rights, resisting them-
-selves Freedom—Why, Madam, what Right
have you to a Bust of Lead Fame, the Image of Co-
-ruption; if I was again on Earth, I would make
you swallow your Words—be sure I pity with
you to your Sex.

J. SWIFT.

T. P. A. I. S.